UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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Mercantile life has come to be in America a gentleman's employment. Who can help seeing that it only involves a question of time for mechanical occupations to receive the same recognition? Who can go into a machine-shop of the present day without thinking how much more of intellect dwells in those wheels and bands than in the majority, not merely of counting rooms, but even of court-rooms and pulpits? —*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

Governor Wilson of New Jersey promises to disturb the complacency of this "wet" State, one of the three States in the Union that has no provision for Local Option. He has declared himself a thorough believer in local self-government. He says: "Every social unit should have the right to control the matter of the regulation or the withholding of licenses."

The *Continent* for May 11 has a timely discussion of the country preacher and his tasks. We heartily sympathize with our neighbor in its protest against the tendency to disparage the country church and its pastor. It is quite right when it says:

> There is nothing quite so hard as to win over a group of opinionated "corner-store" skeptics, and if one wishes to be of civic service nothing is more important than to beat back the assault of the corruptionists of the rural electorate. . . .
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> The very biggest social need of this era is the re-inspiriting of the life of the country-side that it shall not cease to serve as an adequate counterbalance to the headlong rush of the city. . . .
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> Any young man of the first order of talents who will devote his whole life to a country parish will achieve more in immediate personal effect on his surroundings, will reach farther in the lives of the young people he molds, and will almost certainly continue longer in active pastoral service than any young minister of equal talent who chooses the city.

Chicago mourns the loss of another good physician, Dr. Isaac Danforth. A conspicuous teacher and practitioner in the realm of medicine, a progressive and public-spirited man, he was marked in no one way more than that his profession as a physician augmented rather than interfered with his service as a citizen. He was a man of large practice who had time for Church, a man of scientific training who loved Bible studies, a pillar in the Methodist Church as well as an authority in the hospital. The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* says of him:

> Like the true scientist he was, he was not afraid to approach religion from its scientific side. Few laymen were so familiar with the results of biblical science, and none ever studied the Bible with a readier appreciation of what literary criticism and acknowledged research could do to add light to its text and freshness to its interpretation.

Let there be more such citizen-doctors and religious practitioners.

UNITY is fortunate in being able to present to its readers in this issue the timely appreciation of Thomas Wentworth Higginson from the pen of Edwin D. Mead, the one man still in the strain of life most competent to speak the word. Surely the world is more lonely since this valiant "Colonel in the Army of the Lord" has gone hence. How brave and yet how gentle! How heroic, and yet his valor was ever touched with humor. A sweet, strong, militant, peaceful man was Thomas Wentworth Higginson. In his going hence UNITY has lost a constant reader, an unflagging supporter, one who to the very end signalled from time to time his love and his cheer. How the ranks have thinned! When Julia Ward Howe went, men said "Colonel Higginson alone remains." Now that Higginson has gone we still remember that Frank Sanborn is left, and there are more, there must be successors to these, though with eyes dimmed with the mist of sadness we may not se them.

The managers of the Child Welfare Exhibit have been much bothered with their classification, as the scheme involved an exhibit on the part of the "Settlements" and another on the part of the Churches, with still other exhibits of Libraries, Playgrounds, etc., etc. But it has been found impossible to draw the line, particularly between the exhibits of "Settlements" and "Churches." This difficulty is as it should be. There is no line. There ought to be no attempt to differentiate. The Churches and the Settlements over-lap, inter-lock, and are becoming more and more interchangeable. The churches of Chicago are becoming places devoted to uplifting activities, points from which radiate helpful streams and helpful springs, and the Settlements are becoming more and more points where high purposes, spiritual emotions and ethical quickenings are generated. They are all social centers planted in the ethical and spiritual natures and needs of men, and any attempt, however benignant, to keep them apart, will prove unavailing.

"The Next Step" is the general theme that will engage the discussion of the Free Religious Association at its forty-fourth annual Convention in Boston, May 25, 26. No meeting held in the city during the anniversary week will represent more intellectual nobility or higher spiritual advancement in its past history or present prospects than this association. The program is before us and promises the usual high thinking on these themes. In the list of officers that accompanies this program the names of Julia Ward Howe and Samuel Water Foss are starred, which is interpreted in the foot-note as "deceased." And now since the printer issued the sheet, the venerable and sole survivor on the roll of officers of the Old Guard who were present to answer to their names forty-four years ago, has been translated. Hesitate as we will the truth must be admitted, the Free Religious Association is not in its personnel or in point of obvious work and opportunity what it once was. But it is only the visionless or the cowardly that will argue that its work is done. The point of attack has changed. The field of its opportunity has widened. Perhaps the difficulties of organization have increased, but the need of organized activities along synthetic lines in religion is as great as it ever was. The very triumphs of the free religious spirit, the acceptance of its fundamental contentions, point decidedly towards "The Next Step." The Federation of Religious Liberals, which recently held its third successful meeting in New York, the Congress of Religion with headquarters in Chicago, born out of the loins of the great Parliament of Religions of 1893 with headquarters in Chicago, and the only organization of the three that has persistently maintained a weekly organ throughout its eighteen years of life, in their spirit, their direct aim and largely in their personnel, are identical. Obviously "The Next Step" requires a recognition of this identity of aim and constituency. "Combination" is the word in business; "fusion" is the word in the cause of reform; and some sort of "togetherness," some high combination in the interest of efficiency is obviously in the line of the "next step," and we sincerely hope that there will be wisdom and right spirit enough developed in Boston next week to take a decisive "next step."

It is a long time since Chicago has been stirred with as high a purpose and as noble a civic enthusiasm as that witnessed in these days in the interests of the "Child Welfare Exhibit." The great Coliseum building was never so crowded with men, women and children, clothed and in their right mind, as it was on Thursday evening, May 11th, at the opening exercises. The great hall was filled to every corner with chairs, with every chair occupied, and all the intervening spaces where standing room was tolerated were crowded. Hundreds of children from the High Schools of Chicago gave a musical program and the opening words were spoken by Sherman C. Kingsley, the Secretary, Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick, Presiding Officer, Miss Jane Addams, and Judge Julian Mack. Wise and eloquent words were spoken, but the voices of all the speakers except that of Julian Mack were promptly lost in the hum of the multitude and in the vast spaces that reached out at every hand. Judge Mack was more successful by strenuous effort, but the labor of his speech necessitated brief and inadequate utterance. But what was lost to the ear was made up to the eye, for the barren, barn-like space so associated with dairy, automobile, horse and political "shows," was made beautiful by improvised arches, beams and draperies. As yet, on account of the splendid crush of humanity, there has been little opportunity for deliberate study of the various exhibits, graphic and living, of what is being done in New York and Chicago for the child. Humanity at its best, happy children, benignant women and devoted men, have filled the building from early morning until late at evening for the first three days. A representative of UNITY has crowded in with pencil and paper in pocket, but there has been no opportunity and less disposition to take note of details. The inspiration was in the throng, the lesson was in the occasion. Later along, perhaps, we shall be able to give our readers some concrete information concerning this "show." At present it is enough to know that the "little child," of whom Jesus said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven," has been placed in the midst of the Chicago multitude, and the hearts of those on the shores of Lake Michigan today are moved as were the hearts of those who thronged the shores of the Sea of Gallilee long ago.

Rebecca Rice

That was a tender and beautiful occasion which gathered together a few of the innermost circle of friends to speak their memorial tributes to Rebecca Rice. No place could have been more fitting to hold such a service than the Audience Room of the new and beautiful building erected for the University School for Girls on the North Side, a school that has inherited the traditions of the once popular and flourishing school for girls conducted by Rebecca Rice, and it was given to Miss Rice to impart to this successor the initiative impulse of her benignant personality. Miss Rice belongs to the heroic age of Chicago. Her work was closely interwoven with the

work of Robert Collyer, Professor Swing, and the great Unity Church that rose out of the ashes and spiritualized and glorified the "Great Fire."

Miss Anna Haire, the present head of the University School, presided. The pupils and teachers rendered fitting music. Mrs. M. H. Wilmarth, Mrs. Otto Matz, a representative of the Alternate Club, the venerable Mr. E. W. Blatchford, and the senior Editor of UNITY spoke words of love and appreciation born out of intimate acquaintance and tenderest sympathy.

Rebecca Rice was an accomplished lady. Her mind was enriched by careful studies at home and abroad. She was a successful, thorough teacher, but she was more. She had a prophet's soul, a reformer's fiber, the strength of a radical in the profound sense of that word; she was one who did her own thinking, one who sought the advance line, one who did picket-work in the army of progress. She was a courageous spirit; she inoculated her pupils with the love of things good and things noble.

Miss Rice's enthusiasm was kindled by coals from the Horace Mann altar, and it was fitting and beautiful that her last days should be spent on and around the Campus of her beloved Alma Mater, Antioch College, in which she believed with all her soul and to the service of which she gave her last measure of life.

The writer, with many other friends, missed her sadly from her Chicago haunts, and they were perhaps disposed to dwell upon the pathos of the sunset hours that had been so full of radiance and aggressive strength.

But the occasion here recorded banished such reflections and changed the minor into major tones of love and memory. The Indian summer of her life had a glory quite its own. She deserved the calm and quiet of the sunset hour. No stone wall or marble column perpetuates the name of Rebecca Rice in Chicago. But she needs so such memorial. Her monument is reared in the hearts and minds of the hundreds of girls whose lives she touched to higher issues.

The memorial word of this childless woman was spoken in Chicago on "Mothers' Day" and this was fitting, for she was a spiritual mother to many and countless daughters remain to call her "blessed."

"Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity," were the words which the great Horace Mann spoke to his last graduating class, and the words are inscribed on the humble shaft on the Antioch Campus. Rebecca Rice did not disappoint her great master. She had won the right to join the "choir invisible," and "poor Antioch" received a new endowment in her death. It was fitting that she should pass on out of beautiful Yellow Springs and that Antioch College should throw its benignant shadows upon her coffin.

THE PULPIT

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Lifelong Champion of Freedom

By EDWIN D. MEAD

A lifelong champion of freedom, political freedom, religious freedom, industrial freedom, literary independence, the emancipation of the slave, the equal rights of woman, justice to every race and every man, such pre-eminently was Thomas Wentworth Higginson. At the dinner of the American Historical Association, during the convention of the association in Boston in 1899, Colonel Higginson was the principal speaker; and in the course of his speech he said one very characteristic and significant thing. That was a time, it will be remembered, when expressions of fondness or toleration for imperialist procedures were fashionable and common; and all such expressions jarred upon Colonel Higginson. "I have been specially struck," he said, "by the force and clearness of the speeches made in these meetings. But I noticed the absence of one word which in my student days was always present, always in the air, the word 'freedom.' In this morning's discussion of the relation of this country to other countries that glorious word did not occur. I pray you, ladies and gentlemen, in your historical study and teachings, to think deeply of this." He stated his own position about some of the prevalent policies, and added: "I dare say that three-fourths of you disagree with me on this point; but I have stood in companies where nine-tenths of those present were on the other side, and I can stand it."

Colonel Higginson's books are books of freedom; his friends were friends of freedom. He gave to us in 1898 that most noble, frank and fascinating of autobiographies, "Cheerful Yesterdays;" and, just as he asked us to see to it that we did not omit the word "freedom" from our political vocabularly, there came to us his "Contemporaries," which may properly enough be considered a second volume of the autobiography. These books are necessary companions, each supplementing the other. In his "Yesterdays," Colonel Higginson pictures the scenes and the events in which he and his strong contemporaries acted together; in his "Contemporaries," he paints the portraits of the noble men and women who helped to make his yesterdays brave and great, and therefore in the noblest sense cheerful. The two books together give us a survey, not surpassed in insight and value by any other, of the intellectual an dmoral life of New England and America during the last two generations. They remind us of the high credentials of this brave spokesman for freedom, by bringing before us as they do the harder and more trying times when just as calmly and as firmly he "stood in companies where nine-tenths of those present were on the other side." They also serve—and we confess that this has been to us their greatest service—to make us think anew of the immense service, both as a man of letters and a man of action, which Colonel Higginson has rendered America.

Born in Cambridge, in 1823, Higginson has been emphatically a Cambridge man; just as Edward Everett Hale, born in Boston the year before, has been

emphatically a Boston man. Both men preached for a time in Worcester. Before going to Worcester, Higginson lived for some years in Newburyport, part of the time preaching there; and for many years he lived in Newport. But we regard these flights as digressions. It is a little hard to think of him as really at home in any of these places or anywhere outside of Cambridge, where he was born. More than any other of our literary men, save Lowell alone, more than Longfellow, more than Holmes, who, although born in Cambridge, is always to our thought as much a Boston man as Dr. Hale, is Higginson identified with Cambridge. "To James Russell Lowell, Schoolmate and Fellow-Townsman," he dedicated his little volume of poems, "The Afternoon Landscape." Lowell, his Cambridge fellow and co-celebrant, was four years the elder, born in 1819, the same year as Julia Ward Howe, whose "Reminiscences," traversing so much of the same ground and touching so many of the same men and women, came to us just as we were reading "Cheerful Yesterdays" and "Contemporaries."

Higginson was fittingly the orator on the occasion of the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Cambridge, in 1881; as Lowell was the orator, five years later, at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard College. We have somewhere Lowell's letter to Higginson, telling of the satisfaction and delight with which he had read in London the latter's Cambridge oration. To the useful volume, by various hands, upon "Cambridge in 1896," Higginson contributed the chapter on "Life in Cambridge Town," a chapter suggesting Lowell's old essay (written in 1854) upon "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago." Referring to this delightful essay, Higginson reminds us in his essay upon John Holmes, in "Contemporaries," that it must be supplemented by John Holmes' "Harvard Square," in the Harvard Book, if we would get "the very inmost glimpse of village life in the earlier Cambridge." Many more pages in the life of Margaret Fuller than those which make up the chapter on "Girlhood at Cambridge" are valuable contributions to the history of Cambrige intellectual and social life in the first half of the century. The opening chapters of "Cheerful Yesterdays," those upon "A Cambridge Boyhood" and "A Child of the College," are Cambridge and Harvard pictures of rare interest and of distinct historical value.

Higginson has been a most loyal and loving son of Harvard; and the University honored herself as much as she honored him when she conferred upon him in 1899 her highest degree. All remember the "Harvard Memorial Biographies," which he edited and we must not forget his contribution to the Harvard Book, nor his "Memorials of the Class of 1833." We must not forget his contributions to the "Memorial History of Boston," to the publications of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Browning Society, the Free Religious Association. He was appropriately the orator at the centennial celebration of the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1891; for he has been one of our most zealous and faithful historical scholars. Said the president of the Historical Society in introducing him on this centennial occasion: "He has filled the Puritan ideal of a citizen's range of office, elder, reformer, military commander, historian deputy to the Great and General Court." He was for years the president of the Free Religious Association, and the one man preeminently identified with its history, from the founding until his death. His last public address was at its festival a year ago. His popular tract on "The Sympathy of Religions," is a good index to the radicalism and catholicity of his own religion. The published sermons that have come down to us in the libraries, with such titles as "Man Shall Not Live By Bread Alone," "Elegy Without Fiction" (in 1852, with reference to Webster and Rantoul), "Scripture Idolatry," and "Massachusetts in Mourning" (1854), show that while he was in the pulpit he must have been a preacher after Theodore Parker's own heart.

Of peculiar interest and value among Colonel Higginson's books is his Life of Francis Higginson, the first minister in the Massachusetts Bay Colony,—coming to Salem in 1629,—and Colonel Higginson's own first American ancestor. It is a loving study of English life in the early Puritan time, of the customs of Cambridge University in that seventeenth century, of the earliest ecclesiastical usages in New England, of Francis Higginson's own noteworthy contributions to the picture and record of the place and time and, above all, of that saintly man's life and character. With proper pride did Colonel Higginson look back to such an ancestor; and with proper pride did he claim at the close of his study: "The stock has surely shown some vitality and vigor, and perhaps something of transmitted public spirit and of interest in things higher than those which are merely material. These descendants have remained loyal, as Americans, to the verdict of their early progenitor, that "One sup of New England air is better than a whole flagon of old English ale"; and many of them have shown in their lives an adherence to John Higginson's opinion, that if any man amongst us make religion as twelve and the world as thirteen, let such an one know that he hath neither the spirit of a true New England man, nor yet of a sincere Christian. The justice of the claim is the more apparent when it is remembered that the vitality and vigor of the stock have been represented in our day by such men, in addition to Colonel Higginson himself, as General Sherman and Senator Sherman, Governor Andrew, Senator Evarts and Senator Hoar.

To Newport, which certainly was his home for many years, although it is hard to identify him with it,—just as it is hard to think of Hawthorne as a part of Concord in the same way that we think him a part of Salem,—Colonel Higginson has generously paid his debt; as Hawthorne so well paid his debt to Concord. The "Mosses from an Old Manse" is not a better offering upon the Concord altar than "Oldport Days" upon the Newport altar; and Col. Higginson himself, who loves Hawthorne so well, would say that that is the best that could be said of his book. In truth it may be said that, of all Colonel Higginson's books, "Oldport Days," with those fascinating chapters upon Oldport Wharves, the Haunted Window, a Driftwood Fire, and the rest, is the most Hawthornish; and it has given the spirit of the real Newport, as opposed to the Newport of mere sojourn and fashion, its best literary expression.

He was the most red-blooded and rural of scholars, loving birds quite as well as books, and carrying the instinct and talent of the naturalist into the garden and on the hills as truly as the love and sympathy of the poet. Yet it is upon human themes, upon literature and history and society, that Colonel Higginson has chiefly written, and the life of a social and political reformer that has been his central life. His "Cheerful Yesterdays" are almost altogether a reformer's yesterdays; and his "Contemporaries" were almost altogether men and women living the most strenuous of strenuous lives, devoted to what one of our economists has called "the foolish attempt to make the world over." In his distinctly literary books, like "Atlantic Essays" and "The New World and the New Book," it is when he comes closest to contemporaneity and life that he is usually most interesting. But this is by no means always the case; and it is not to be said at all without saying at once and warmly that upon distinctly literary themes and as a representative of literary art, Colonel Higginson stands in the very front American rank. No American essays, save Emerson's and Lowell's alone, are of higher importance or greater charm than his; and his best essays are entitled to rank with Lowell's own. He has been a constant force for culture. He stands for devotion to the world's great books. He is too good a scholar not to know that the best national literature must come with love and understanding of the best literature and recognition of its canons and its inspirations.

But for true, free, national literature, for a sturdy and independent Americanism, he always speaks,—there is through all his books no note more constant. He hated the colonialism, the dependence upon English impulse and imprimatur, which so largely marked our literature almost up to the very present. This is, in one way or another, the burden of almost the whole of "The New World and the New Book." Under the title of "The Evolution of an American" he traces with enthusiasm the steps by which Motley, beginning his intellectual life with aristocratic and European sentiments, was made "not merely a patriot, but a man of democratic convictions at least." Many a page in this vital American book might well have found its point of departure in Lowell's famous essay on "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners." In the essay entitled "Unnecessary Apologies" is this fine and true passage:

"Let me make the great effort of supposing Emerson an English author and Matthew Arnold an American; does any one suppose that Arnold's criticisms on Emerson would in that case have attracted very serious attention in either country? Had Mr. Gosse been a New Yorker, writing in a London magazine, would any one on either side of the Atlantic have seriously cared whether Mr. Gosse thought that contemporary England had produced the poet? The reasons why the criticisms of these two Englishmen have attracted such widespread notice among us is that they have the accumulated literary weight—*the ex oriente lux*—of London behind them. We accept them meekly and almost reverently; just as we even accept the criticisms made on Grant and Sheridan by Lord Wolseley, who is, compared to either of these generals, but a carpet knight."

Colonel Higginson's writing is imbued throughout with Americanism and democracy of the worthiest and truest type, and imbued always with a splendid enthusiasm. "It is melancholy," he says, "to see young men come forth from college walls with less enthusiasm than they carried in,—trained in a spirit which is in this respect worse than English Toryism, that it does not even retain a hearty faith in the past. It is better that a man should have eyes in the back of his head than that he should be taught to sneer at even a retrospective vision. One may believe that the golden age is behind or before us; but alas for the forlorn wisdom of him who rejects it altogether! Better a thousand times train a boy on Scott's novels or the Border Ballads than educate him to believe on the one side that chivalry was a cheat and the troubadours imbeciles, and on the other hand that universal suffrage is an absurdity, and the one real thing is to get rid of our voters." He notes how often the scholars are behind the common people. "Slavery had to be abolished before the most accomplished orator of the nation could be invited to address the graduates of his own university. The first among American scholars was nominated year after year, only to be rejected, before the academic societies of his own neighborhood. Yet during all that time the rural lecture associations showered their invitations on Parker and Phillips. Culture shunned them, but the common people heard them gladly."

Colonel Higginson was conspicuously a lover of England. He was never happier than in his London reminiscences, of which we have delightful chapters both in "Cheerful Yesterdays" and "Contemporaries." "We cannot spare the Englishman from our blood; but it is our business to make him more than an Englishman." He was a true child of the Puritan and believed that the spirit which founded New England is the best possible foundation for the better things for which we hope in literature and in life. He says: "As the foundation of all true greatness is in the conscience, so we are safe if we can but carry into science and art the same earnestness of spirit which has fought through the great civil war and slain slavery. As the Puritan triumphed in this stern contest, so must the Puritan triumph in the more graceful emulations that are to come; but it must be the Puritanism of Milton, not of Cromwell only."

A Milton in his own way, in his equal love of beauty and passion for freedom and justice, Colonel Higginson himself was; as in his own way he was a Sidney, too. Was it not Sidney who said, or to whom it was said, "Whenever you hear of a good war, go to it." Whenever Colonel Higginson has heard of a good war, he has gone to it; and the campaigns for freedom, equality and progress, in the various fields of American life, in these two generations, in which he has not been one of the first to volunteer, without counting the company or the cost, have been few, indeed. He led a regiment of negroes in the civil war; he has stood in the front rank of many a regiment in many a war before and since. He has been eminently a knightly and chivalric man. He has been, in the highest and best sense of the word, a romantic one. He has been his whole life long the conspicuous friend

and champion of woman. No other man has written so constantly, so variedly, so attractively or so cogently in behalf of the emancipation of woman from the legal and industrial disabilities by which she has been hampered and her elevation to every educational and political privilege. He has been in this reform our John Stuart Mill. He tells us how, very early in life, he became impressed by the absurdity of the denial of political rights to women; and he signed the call for the first national convention to promote the woman's rights movement in 1850. "Of all the movements in which I ever took part," he wrote a dozen years ago, "except the anti-slavery agitation, this seems to me the most important; nor have I ever wavered in the opinion announced by Wendell Phillips, that it is 'the grandest reform yet launched upon the century, as involving the freedom of one-half the human race.'" His "Common Sense About Women," is the best single book in existence upon woman's rights. There is no phase of the question which is not somehow treated, and the treatment is always pithy, pointed, sane and influential, calculated to win the reader and not repel him. A typical argument is this, replying to the foolish but very frequent contention that government ultimately rests on force, and that women must not vote because they cannot fight:

"The truth is that, in this age, it is the civilian who rules on the throne or behind it, and who makes the fighting men his mere agents. Yonder policeman at the corner looks big and formidable; he protects the women, and overawes the boys. But away in some corner of the City Hall, there is some quiet man, out of uniform, perhaps a consumptive or a dyspeptic or a cripple, who can overawe the burliest policeman by his authority as city marshall or as mayor. So an army is but a larger police; and its official head is that plain man at the White House, who makes or unmakes not merely brevet-brigadiers, but major-generals in command,—who can by the stroke of his pen convert the most powerful man of the army into the most powerless. Take away the occupant of the position, and put in a woman, and will she become impotent because her name is Elizabeth or Maria Theresa? It is brains that more and more govern the world; and whether those brains be on the throne, or at the ballot-box, they will soon make the owner's sex a subordinate affair. War is the last appeal, and happily in these days the rarest appeal, of statesmanship. In the multifarious other duties that make up statesmanship, we can not spare the brains, the self-devotion and the enthusiasm of woman. There is nothing impotent in the statesmanship of women when they are admitted to exercise it; they are only powerless for good when they are obliged to obtain by wheedling and flattery a sway that should be recognized, responsible and limited."

His voice has rung as true and strong upon the issues of the new social revolution as it rang in the old conflict with slavery. As he saw that woman was in the due course of things to have her opportunity and rights, so he has seen that the poor man was to have his. Among his poems we think of none more stirring than that fittingly inscribed to Edward Bellamy, entitled "Heirs of Time."

From street and square, from hill and glen
Of this vast world beyond my door,
I hear the tread of marching men,
The patient armies of the poor.

The halo of the city's lamps
Hangs, a vast torchlight, in the air;
I watch it through the evening damps:
The masters of the world are there.

Not ermine-clad or clothed in state,
Their title-deeds not yet made plain;
But waking early, toiling late,
The heirs of all the earth remain.

Some day, by laws as fixed and fair
As guide the planets in their sweep,
The children of each outcast heir
The harvest-fruits of time shall reap.

The peasant brain shall yet be wise,
The untamed pulse grow calm and still;
The blind shall see, the lowly rise,
And work in peace Time's wonderous will.

Some day, without a trumpets call,
This news will o'er the world be blown:
The heritage comes back to all!
The myriad monarchs take their own!

Into the cause of pure civil service, into the cause of the education and the political rights of the freedmen of the South, into the cause of internationalism, into every cause which in the generation since the war has called for courageous championship, Colonel Higginson has thrown himself with the same enthusiasm with which he came to the side of Garrison and Phillips and Parker. No rebukes have been nobler than his of the militarism and materialism which have menaced the republic in these last years that have passed. His word at the dinner of the American Historical Association was but one of many in which in this time he has reminded America of her duty to herself and to the cause of freedom in the world. No word read at the great Faneuil Hall meeting, called to express the sympathy of Boston with the Boers, was more emphatic or impressive than his.

It is in Colonel Higginson's poems that we often have the most stirring expression of his love of freedom and his prophetic confidence in a future greater and nobler than any celebrated past. One of the finest of his sonnets is that to Whittier, with its grateful confession that it was the poet's voice which gave him his own peculiar call to duty.

At dawn of manhood came a voice to me
That said to startled conscience, "Sleep no more!"
Like some loud cry that peals from door to door
It roused a generation; and I see,
Now looking back through years of memory,
That all of school or college, all the lore
Of worldly maxims, all the statesman's store,
Were nought beside that voice's mastery.
If any good to me or from me came
Through life, and if no influence less divine
Has quite usurped the place of duty's flame;
If aught rose worthy in this heart of mine,
Aught that, viewed backward, wears no shade of shame,
Bless thee, old friend! for that high call was thine.

Significant, too, and for the Boston man inspiring, are the lines upon Boston in the Memorial Ode read before the Grand Army Posts of Boston in 1881:

With such a faith in the future of the Puritan city, he has also been its stanch defender from ig-

norant and unjust criticism. In his essay on "Literary Tonics" there is no passage more interesting than this about Boston:

"Some minor English critic wrote lately of Dr. Holmes' 'Life of Emerson': 'The Boston of his day does not seem to have been a very strong place; we lack performance.' The Boston of which he speaks was the Boston of Garrison and Phillips, of Whittier and Theodore Parker; was the headquarters of those old-time abolitionists of whom the English Earl of Carlisle wrote that they were 'fighting a battle without a parallel in the history of ancient or modern heroism.' It was also the place which nurtured those young Harvard students who are chronicled in the 'Harvard Memorial Biographies,'—those who fell in the war of the Rebellion; those of whom Lord Houghton once wrote tersely to me: 'They are men whom Europe has learned to honor and would do well to imitate.' The service of all these men, and its results, give a measure of the tone afforded in the Boston of that day. Nay, Emerson himself was directly responsible for much of their strength. 'To him more than to all other causes together,' says Lowell, 'did the young martyrs of our Civil War owe the sustaining strength of moral heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives.' And when the force thus developed in Boston and elsewhere came to do its perfect work, that work turned out to be the fighting of a gigantic war and the freeing of four millions of slaves; and this in the teeth of every sympathy and desire of all that appeared influential in England. This is what is meant, in American history at least, by 'performance.'"

This was the Boston which was the capital of the movement that purged the land of slavery, as it was the capital of the movement that gave us our independence. It was the great center of the activities of most of the men and women named in Colonel Higginson's "Contemporaries." Emerson, Alcott, Parker, Whittier, Lydia Maria Child, Dr. Howe, Garrison, Phillips and Sumner are the heroes of the great era of reform to whom special essays are devoted in this volume; and there are also essays upon Walt Whitman, Sidney Lanier, Helen Hunt, John Holmes, Thaddeus William Harris and General Grant. "An Evening with Mrs. Hawthorne" tells of a conversation devoted mainly to the birth-hour of the "Scarlet Letter." "A Visit to John Brown's Household in 1859," contributed originally to Redpath's "Life of John Brown," is the story of an evening spent with the family at North Elba while the old hero lay in the Virginia jail awaiting execution. In all literature we know of no stronger or tenderer picture of homely heroism and absolute devotion. "It had been my privilege," wrote Higginson, "to live in the best society all my life,—namely, that of abolitionists and fugitive slaves. I had seen the most eminent persons of the age,—several men on whose heads tens of thousands of dollars had been set. . . . I had known these, and such as these; but I had not known the Browns. Nothing short of knowing them can be called a liberal education." He prophesied then that John Brown would become "the favorite hero of all American romance"; and he said this memorable word of his old-fashioned Puritanism: "John Brown is almost the only radical abolitionist I have ever known who was not more or less radical in religious matters also. His theology was Puritan, like his practice; and accustomed as we now are to see Puritan doctrines and Puritan virtues separately exhibited, it seems quite strange to behold them combined in one person again."

The essays in "Contemporaries" differ in interest and value. Garrison is warmly recognized as "the living center" of the group of reformers; but the essay upon him is not one of the most important. That upon Phillips is much better, and the fine description and analysis of Phillips's oratory which it contains are alone sufficient to give it permanent value. The finest passage in the essay on Sumner is that where, writing of the day before Sumner's funeral, Higginson's thought goes back to the beginning of Sumner's chivalrous career and he traces the changes that had come to Boston in the intervening years:

"Standing amid that crowd at the State House, it was impossible not to ask one's self, 'Can this be Boston? The city whose bells toll for Sumner,—is it the same city that fired one hundred guns for the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law? The King's Chapel, which is to hold his funeral rites,—can it be the same King's Chapel which furnished from among its worshipers the only Massachusetts representative who voted for that law? These black soldiers who guard the coffin of their great friend,—are they of the same race with those unarmed black men who were marched down yonder street surrounded by the bayonets of Boston Militiamen?' It is said that when Sumner made his first conspicuous appearance as an orator in Boston and delivered his address on 'The True Grandeur of Nations,' a prominent merchant said indignantly, as he went out of the building: 'Well, if that young man is going to talk in that way, we cannot expect Boston to hold him up.' Boston did not hold him up; but Massachusetts so sustained him that he held up Boston until it had learned to sustain him in return."

Far finer and more considerable than any of these essays is that upon Theodore Parker. There is not, in all the books in the library, a nobler tribute to Parker than this, none which expounds more adequately his marvelous learning, his great achievements and the sources of his power: "Parker lived his life much as he walked the streets of Boston,—not quite gracefully, nor yet statelily, but with quick, strong, solid step, with sagacious eyes wide open, thrusting his broad shoulders a little forward, as if butting away the throng of evil deeds around him, and scattering whole atmospheres of unwholesome cloud. Wherever he went, there went a glance of sleepless vigilance, an unforgetting memory, a tongue that never faltered, and an arm that never quailed."

The essay on Lydia Maria Child is one of the best in the volume, a most impressive account of that great woman's varied and remarkable achievements. To her famous "Appeal for that Class of Americans called Africans," published in 1833, Higginson pays this high tribute: "As it was the first anti-slavery work ever printed in America in book form, so I have always thought it the ablest, that is, it covered the whole ground better than any other." Even

more interesting is the essay upon Helen Jackson, whose friend Colonel Higginson was from the very beginning of the most formative and stimulating influences of her life. There is no chapter in the book more personal, vital or vivacious.

Higginson somewhere discusses, we think ironically, somebody's dictum that "a foreign nation is a kind of contemporaneous posterity." Whatever truth or falsehood may be in that word, this we think is true,—that insight discounts history and does not have to wait for the verdict of posterity. Of insight only is this true. The man of fashion and the fool have no instinct that can tell where God is on the field in their own place and time. To the conventional man of Boston and of the nation, the period of the great heroes of these glowing pages was "a time when truth was called treason." How quickly was the conventional verdict set aside! "It is a striking fact," Higginson notes at the close of his essay on Garrison, "that in the valhalla of contemporary statues in his own city, only two, those of Webster and Everett, commemorate those who stood for the party of conservatism in the great anti-slavery conflict; while all the rest, Lincoln, Quincy, Sumner, Andrew, Mann, Garrison and Shaw, represent the party of attack. It is the verdict of time, confirming in bronze and marble the great words of Emerson, 'What forests of laurel we bring, and the tears of mankind, to those who stood firm against the opinion of their contemporaries!'" But to the eye of Emerson himself his contemporaries were as the immortals. To him history and the newspaper were one; and he knew John Brown for a hero while the musketry yet rattled at Harper's Ferry as truly as the men of Concord Bridge, whose shot had been heard around the world and been applauded all along the line. To Higginson also the men with whom he labored in the cause of freedom were the same men and held the same rank when they were contemporaries as now when they are memories and their statues stand in the streets.

In the great group of American fighters for freedom, Colonel Higginson will hold an immortal place. Gladstone, at Oxford, in his late life reviewed the changes through which he had passed since he began his public career as "the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories," and said: "I have come to place a higher and ever higher value upon human liberty, and there, and there only, is the secret of the change." With Colonel Higginson there has been no change. His whole life was one great sermon on freedom. He began his public career as its champion; his long years have all been spent in its service; and now when his presence is withdrawn, his word will still be heard charging the republic never to give that sacred and commanding word a second place.

Every man has his own vocation. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertion. He is like a ship in a river; he runs against obstructions on every side but one; on that side all obstruction is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over a deepening channel into an infinite sea.

—*Emerson.*

From Our Foreign Correspondent

It seems a far cry from Chicago to this "City of the Sun,"—so called by the philosopher martyr Campanella,—surrounded on all sides by mountains, facing the blue Ionian sea, and 2,000 feet above it, with orchards of olives and oranges and every kind of fruit in the valley below.

A six weeks' residence in Naples served to loosen up my tongue somewhat in the language and prepare me to come here in preference to going to Rome for the Easter festival. I find that I have little patience with such pomp and ceremony among intelligent people, and I chose to accept the invitation of a family in this extreme part of southern Italy in order that I might see and judge for myself something of the surroundings of a people who are helping to cultivate the soil and make the railroads in our own country. After a twenty-four hour journey without the luxury of a sleeping car, I was met by my friend with a coach, which I am sure must have been made fifty years ago, drawn by three Dalmatian horses, and I soon forgot the discomforts of travel in the contemplation of this wonderful panorama of nature. After winding on our way for two hours up the mountain we came to the center of this little town of four thousand people, where the remainder of the family and most of the citizens had assembled to see the first American who had ever visited the city. With great dignity the head of the family offered me his arm to assist me up the narrow stone-paved passages, which could hardly be called streets. We were followed by a crowd of people to the door of the ancient palace, which is now in a somewhat dilapidated condition, but is picturesque withal. I thought I was entering the town hall, because of the size of the room and the dignity of the hangings, the old gilding of the cornices, the mural decorations and the old fire-arms on the walls. The only pictures were those of Dante and Campanella and some ancient paintings of the family. I was told that this house was really quite new, having been built only about one hundred and fifty years ago, while most of the others had withstood the sacking of the Saracens three times and had all been restored. The night was bitterly cold, as it seemed to a steam-heated Chicagoan, and ancient brass braziers filled with hot coals were placed in the two rooms assigned to me. Everything reminds me of the past, and only at the table do I feel the influence of modern times. We know that in the past there were no table manners as we judge them, but here the two-year-old child used his fork with great dexterity and there was nothing to offend the most critical taste. The head of this family of six children is a most important person in this community and has all the appearance of a grand signor. He is the lawyer, judge and jury for most of the affairs which come to these simple people. He is known as the man who will not take a case unless the cause is just. I have been greatly favored to be permitted to enter this family, because these people are very proud and not for a moment would they invite one who might criticise this simple life. I am told by Italians that the home life is considered so sacred among this class that few are invited to break bread with them.

The next day was Holy Thursday, and hundreds of rings of bread, weighing about two pounds each, were sent to the church to be blessed. A strange procession of women was formed, each one carrying a large clothes-basketful of this bread on her head to be used on Friday on the crosses which were carried in the procession, when the body of Christ in effigy was deposited before the altars of the different churches. The bread is contributed by those who are in comfortable circumstances, to be given to the poor, and is carried all day in the sun and rain. It is an impressive sight and one is almost moved to tears as this weird, mass-chanting humanity moves to the sound of a funeral march headed by a white-robed man stripped bare to the waist, with the body covered by a large green wreath through which one arm is passed, while the opposite shoulder supports its weight. On his head is a crown of thorns, and he chants in plaintive strains, followed by hundreds of others, singing:

Pardono, mio Deo
Pardono, mi pieta,
(Pardon and pity me, O my God.)

Suddenly, however, one hears angry voices, and the few soldiers interfere in what is almost a hand-to-hand battle. It is esteemed an honor to carry the bier and body of Christ, and at each church, after the blessing, the other churches bid at auction for this honor, and it is given to the highest bidder, who afterwards gives the amount to the church. When finally the last churchyard is reached, all fall upon their knees and crawl to the steps of the ancient cathedral, where the body is left guarded until the next day, when more processions follow. On Easter morning all of this mourning is changed, and other processions are formed, but the clothes which yesterday were somber are here and there enlivened by gay head pieces. This is one part of the world which has not been invaded by ready-made patterns of Paris clothes. All wear the severe peasant costume, and most of the fabrics are made in the homes of the people.

The procession now forms and carries at its head a life-sized figure of the mother of Christ. I remarked upon the seeming youthfulness of this figure, who was supposed to be the mother of a man of thirty-three and I was told to look about at the women of appropriate age. They were worn, wrinkled and bent with the burdens of life and the people demand that the virgin shall be young and beautiful. The procession wound in and out of the mountains and finally disbanded at 12 o'clock, and the rest of the day was spent in games and feasting. I neglected to say that the day before Easter the great door knocker began to resound early in the morning and a procession, which looked like a huge clinic of the lame and sick began to assemble at the door of my friend's home, and each was given money or food as the case demanded. This is a custom which is observed three times during the year, at Christmas, at Easter, and on the anniversary of the death of the mother of the family.

The day after Easter everything was restored to its normal state, the furniture in the house being covered with spotless white linen, all of which is woven in hand looms in the homes of the people. I then began to make my visits to these homes, and at every step I stop to wonder if I am not dreaming of the Middle Ages.

The squalor in these homes is incomprehensible to one who has not seen it. The one room, dark and smoke-filled, with no windows, which serves for all the needs of the family, is the rule everywhere. The looms have been in the family for more than a hundred years, and every utensil used is made by hand. The people are industrious and work from morning till night either in the fields or the houses. The only recreation is given by the church with the festivals. The power of the priests is almost unchallenged, and the laws of the state regarding education are not enforced. More than 67 per cent of this valuable and industrious population can neither read nor write. I am telling you all of this to give you an idea of the setting of a family of educated and energetic people who have undertaken to arouse these peasants from their stolidity. These are the friends I am visiting; the brothers Carnovales. They are direct descendants of the house of Duke Carlo of Calabria, who lived in the 15th century. They fought for the cause of liberty in the past, and now stand almost alone in this community against the tyranny of the church and apathy of the state. I will write more of this in my next letter. Just now I was called away to see a hand-to-hand struggle between some peasant women on the little Mount of Calvary in the shadow of three crosses. One woman called out, "Down with the Carnovales—the Liguranian priests shall come." This was a signal for the contestants on both sides until separated by the authorities. In a later letter I will tell you more of this struggle and what it means, and how two men alone are holding out against the perpetuation of this ignorance and oppression. To me it is all exciting and almost unbelievable, and I feel more than ever before that in our own country we who can know and compare conditions have a tremendous duty in enforcing the laws of compulsory education and better sanitary surroundings among these people who have come to us, or we shall see this same condition perpetuated in our own land.

JESSIE E. SHEARS.

Stilo, Calabria, Italy, April 17, 1911.

ONE.

I love all changes of the earth and air!
A day of sleety turmoil is to me
A rare magnificence, and I could flee
Eager and happy to the storm-wind's lair.
When pounds the tempest through the hills all bare,
Or thunder cannonades the beating sea,
Spirit of Nature! still I speed with thee,
Clinging triumphant in thy streaming hair.

Then comes a day amid the flowers and ferns,
When breathing zephyrs and low-murmuring bees
Speak Nature's mood a poppy-like repose.
The flame is mine with which rhodora burns,
The ambrosia mine of scented herbs and trees,
And I am drop in every brook that flows.

Boston. JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors.—*Plutarch.*

"Regenerate the individual" is a half-truth; the reorganization of the society which he makes and which makes him is the other half. Man alone cannot be a Christian.—*Henry D. Lloyd.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

THE CHRISTIAN CONNECTION

An address delivered before the Federation of Religious Liberals recently held in the city of New York, by Dr. Carlyle Summerbell, pastor of the First Unitarian Church of New York City:

The communion of 100,000 free Christians which I have the honor of representing illustrates in its origin the mass movement in history, rather than the influences of a hero and his worshipers or followers. Following the war of Independence, certain Baptists in New England were chafed in spirit by the close communion and tight theology of their fellow Baptists, and, as one thing follows another in church affairs as in other things, they found themselves outside of Baptist fellowship. About the same time in the southland, certain fervent Methodist preachers became dissatisfied with what seemed to be the arrogance of the Methodist Episcopal hierarchy, and so they came into splendid isolation. Practically contemporaneous with these movements, some thinking Presbyterians in the west became restless under their iron-clad creed, and combining wit and wisdom, they wrote the last will and testament of their, the Springfield, presbytery, leaving the old home and coming out under God's open sky.

Much to their surprise these three groups of people heard of each other, and found that, while they had risen from what seemed to be different reasons, they were all searching for "gospel liberty." Uniting, they announced certain principles as their standards, which they believed, and for which they considered Christianity stood, viz., Christ, the head of the church, our only leader; the Bible, our creed, a sufficient rule of faith and practice; individual interpretation of the Bible the right and duty of all; no dictation concerning scriptural interpretation; Christian character the only test of membership and fellowship; the union of all Christians: "Christians," a sufficient name for all followers of Christ. However,

> "Our fathers to their graves have gone,
> Their battles past and victories won,
> But sterner trials meet the race
> That rises in their honored place."

It is well for us to honor the brave soldiers of religious liberty who have lived and fought to give us our freedom, and I do not know of a better way in which to do this than to carry on the torch of enlightenment to those who sit in darkness. If worthy, we cannot be satisfied in the peace of our heaven until we have preached the good tidings of great joy to all, incarnating our gospel in deeds. For while the essence of religion is the same, its social activities, conforming to the needs of men, are constantly changing. What we strive for in America is true democracy, which has been defined as a state in which every man shall be a freeman, neither in economic, intellectual nor moral subjection. Some souls never have the chance to be in such subjection, for their lives do not last long enough. In my own city, which is a great cotton goods manufacturing center, hundreds of babes under one year of age die annually; a majority of these deaths, the experts tell us, could be prevented. Many of them simply starve. What is the matter? We have knowledge, money, ability to ameliorate these conditions, but our religious consciences are not sensitive enough to start at once the machinery of civilization.

After all, religion may be the greatest need of American democracy. As a nation we are wealthy in material blessings, too often we are poverty-stricken in religious consciousness. A religion that will save and keep the whole man, that will develop with artistic touch the divine in all humanity, that will not only uplift like the good Samaritan, but will make safe and sound the road to Jericho, that will possess the deep reverence of the older forms of worship with the sweet reasonableness of the liberal,—that is the kind of religion we must have in this twentieth century It may offer hard tasks, but it will give magnificent opportunities.

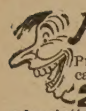
Those who say that our people look merely at wealth take a very superficial view. As a rule, men do not know who is the richest man in the next city or the next state. Mere wealth has, after all, a very limited reputation compared with that of intellect. An English novelist comes here, and every town hall is open to him; a Swedish peasant girl comes to sing to us, and we pay any price to hear. Bring forward your art and your genius, the Community seems to say, and we will provide the money. Let an ordinary millionaire land at the wharf, on the other hand, and no more attention is paid to him than if he were an ex-governor. The very fact is that the pursuit of wealth seems of itself to create respect for those same qualities when manifested in other ways.—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

RELIGION IN WOMEN'S COLLEGES.

It seems time to correct a notion made prevalent by current magazines and books that in women's colleges "frivolity and fudge are the only shrines at which the students bow the knee." This is asserted by the Rev. Lvman P. Powell, of Northampton, whose work as a pastor alongside the largest woman's college in the world, Smith, gives him ample opportunities for observation. There is a preconceived notion that the subject of religion in women's colleges is sufficiently defined by the girl who said that Galilee was named from Galileo because he wrote a description of the country, or by the girl who inquired, "What are the ten commandments? I find them so often alluded to in the 'Canterbury Tales.' " But there is a week-day interest in religion as well as one of Sunday. Mr. Powell gives in *Good Housekeeping* an outline of the provisions made by the women's colleges to meet the intellectual demands of faith:

"Bryn Mawr provides five hours a week, one year, of Oriental history for her graduates, and three hours of elective courses in Biblical literature. Vassar has a two-years' course covering the whole of the English Bible and a wide range of choice in Christian evidences, Christian history, and comparative religion. Wellesley requires for a degree accurate knowledge in Hebrew, Greek Testament, Johannine literature, and comparative religion. Smith obliges her sophomores to take two hours a week of Biblical introduction, and provides electives in Oriental civilizations, New Testament thought, comparative religion, Hebrew, and Christian doctrine.

"Frank discussions with teachers and students and attendance on some classes have convinced me that the teaching is about the same in all the colleges. The teachers have had thorough training for their work. With modern problems they are all familiar. None are disposed to blast wantonly and slyly at the Rock of Ages. All impressed me as reverent and devout. I heard no careless or unspiritual note struck in conversation or classroom. In a class discussion at Wellesley concerning Isaiah, the purpose of the professor manifestly was to make sure that her students understood the contents of the book. The clearest and most profoundly spiritual exposition I have ever heard of Job was given by a Smith College Biblical professor. If there is any warfare between real scholarship and real religious faith I have seen no signs of it in Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Wellesley, or Smith."—*Literary Digest.*



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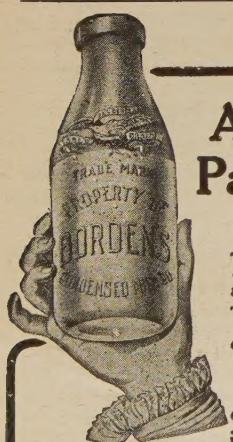

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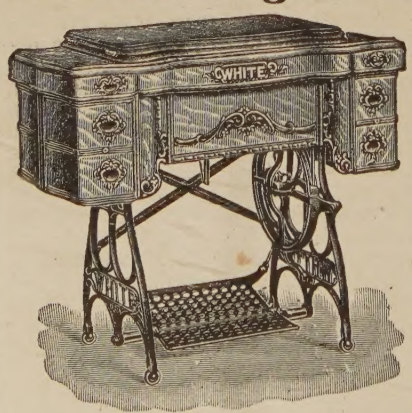

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